



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
— EDITOR. —

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APRIL 1, 1907.

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ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED

LITTLE VATCHER.



T HIS little creature is a pet ostrich. He is the only one of four

hundred ostriches allowed to wander about the aisles of a big ostrich farm near Los Angeles, for the reason that he has stopped growing.

Other ostrich chicks grow at a very rapid rate, that is, one foot every month; but this funny animal never grows, and is called by the ostrich farm people "Little Vatcher." Why is he called "Little Vatcher?" because one of the men working on the ostrich farm is quite short, and therefore he is called "Little Vatcher" after him.

"Little Vatcher" has a solitary life, and is ill-treated by the other ostriches, for all the ostriches feel very cross when they are near a funny or a sick ostrich, and each of them give it a prod with its beak. So, seeing this, the kind proprietor of the ostrich farm took "Little Vatcher" out of the corral where the other ostriches were and put him in a pen by himself; but he got



so lonely and sad-looking there that he was placed in the aisles, where the rich tourists walk and gaze at the ostriches. The tourists are good to "Little Vatcher," for he is close to them and looks so fat and funny, that they begin to smile when they see him, and then they give him popcorn, candy and little oranges, for he is very fond of good things.

"Little Vatcher" has had a sad life. He was born in those deserts at the head of the Nile in Africa, near Abyssinia, and taken with some of his young companions to Cairo, where he was put in a steamer and brought to France, then he was put on the train and taken to Antwerp, in Belgium, where they rushed him over the gang plank to a steamer bound for New York. At New York he was loaded into the cars and brought over to California, where he has been living since. Some of his young friends were put off at Phoenix, Arizona, so he came along with only seven companions. These companions are all big, fine ostriches, nearly two years old; but Little Vatcher does not grow. He is a brave little bird, and makes plenty of fun for the tourists. The feathers on Vatcher are not those long, fine black and white feathers that the other ostriches have, but little

grey ones, not worth much to the owner of the farm.

Only one thing is Little Vatcher afraid of—dogs. He will run up close to people, but when a little dog comes to the farm he runs away as fast as his strong legs can carry him, and nothing will make him stay around where a dog is. He spends his time in rubbing against visitors and eating! It is feared some day Little Vatcher will overload his stomach by eating so much that the tourists give him. Several times they have called the doctor already about him, and some blue pills have been forced down his little red throat, which made him feel better, but before he felt better he rolled his eyes around in a strange way that made the proprietor of the ostrich farm feel quite anxious. He is not only eating all the time, but between meals he dances around in a very funny way, and everybody laughs at his antics. He has already been useful to the people who own him, for every time the big birds try to get out of their pens by kicking the fences, he comes running away to the office of the company and looks so troubled that the people in the office know that something is the matter in the corral, and then they go out and find the trouble.

Some time ago he came running up to the office and looking worried; the people went out and found one of the keepers of the ostriches lying on his back in one of the corrals, a great big, ostrich treading all over him; all his clothes were scraped into rags, and the poor fellow durst not get up, for if he should the ostrich would kick him so that he would have great pain, so the best way for him to do was to lie quiet and then the kicks of the ostrich went up in the air and hurt nobody. So the people of the office rushed in with forks and long branches of trees and stood off the cross ostrich until the keeper got up and walked away. He was not much hurt, but the owner of the ostrich farm bought him a

new suit instead of the one that was torn to rags by the cross ostrich.

Another time the men on the telegraph posts fixing the wires up in the air so scared the ostriches that they all made a rush for the fences, and one of them got fast in a drinking trough; Vatcher was troubled about this, for he saw the ostrich with one foot in the trough and another out, and knew that something was wrong; so he ran to the office and looked unhappy, when the people went down to the corral, where they lifted the ostrich over the drinking trough and it was all right. At another time one big male ostrich gave his pensive hen a good kick in the stomach, which so jarred her feelings that she sank into a decline, and soon began to die. Vatcher told this, too. The best of liquid was poured down the hen's neck and her side was rubbed with grease, and egg omelet given her to eat; but she passed away that night, and they had to give the naughty ostrich another hen.

But Little Vatcher is also a watchman. Some time ago some naughty boys climbed on the outside of the fence, which is twenty feet high, and began to drop stones down upon an ostrich nest where there were seventeen fine, large eggs. Little Vatcher saw them and rushed for the office. The people came out and saw the boys on the fence. Some of them went around on the outside and caught the boys and took them to Pasadena, where they have a jail. The court looked at the boys and heard the men tell how bad they had been. The fathers of the boys were sent for, and they came and had to pay eighteen dollars for the three ostrich eggs broken by the naughty boys. The real loss to the people on the farm was seventy five dollars, for if the eggs had been let alone in about six weeks after little ostriches would have been born, and these are worth twenty-five dollars each just now in California. But the boys got a lesson they

will never forget, for Little Vatcher has not seen any boys around there since. It is very likely that the fathers of these boys gave them six dollars' worth of thrashing each, for that would be about the money value the boys owed their fathers for being bad.

Sad though the life of Little Vatcher has been, he is happy now, and his stomach sticks out every day, because it is filled with good things by tourists, who have lots of money and nothing to do but to go staring around ostrich farms, trying to make the time pass, in a land where the sun shines all the time except at night. It is a nice land for ostriches and their feathers grow large and beautiful, and why Little Vatcher does not grow in such a lovely atmosphere has never been properly told, even by the doctors who have come out from Los Angeles on purpose to see this funny little creature. Most people are kind to him, but those who do not know his name call him "Sawedoff," "Two-foot," "Dryfuss," and other disrespectful names, which he does not mind if he can keep his mouth full

E. H. Rydall.



LETTERS TO MY BOY.

XXIII.

My Dear Son:—

The other day I was talking with a man who is in the fruit business; that is, he has an orchard, and in the course of our conversation, he remarked that there was more value in an apple orchard than there is in a peach orchard. "But," said he, "it takes longer for the apples to grow, and a man can't afford to wait so many years before he gets any return on his money invested." I said to him in answer, "Do you know that is the very way God does things, and the very way He teaches us the best lessons in life." Things that are of

greatest value are not only hardest to get, but the longest time is required to get them.

How often we do things today thinking all the while of what they will bring us tomorrow. By such a practice we are governed in what we do too much by what we expect to get; that is, we often put more value upon the reward than upon the doing. Now the fact is, if we could only understand it, there is really more pleasure in the doing than in the reward. You may have noticed that where you looked forward to certain pleasures, for certain events for which you were preparing yourself, the thoughts about them and the hopes and anticipations they awakened in you gave you weeks of joy, when the event itself was merely the pleasure of a few passing hours.

Now, I think you may take it as a rule, that the best things that will ever come to you in life, are those things that you not only have to work for, but have to wait for. The man in his orchard not only has longer to wait for the apple than for the peach, but he has more work to do to get it. This is true with pretty much everything else in life; and if, therefore, there are no pleasures you are now thinking about which will take you years to get, you would better think up some of these long-distance pleasures—they will make you happiest.

Now what is true of pleasure is equally true of pain and punishment. As we are not immediately rewarded for the good we do, neither are we always immediately punished for the wrongs we commit, nor are immediate penalties so hard to bear. It is the pains and penalties that months and years of misdoing bring upon us which we have most reason to fear. They are like the diseases of the body. An excessive folly today may bring great discomfort tomorrow, and that discomfort warns us against further follies. It is when we go on from day to day sinning

against the laws of health, with here an excess and there a wrong, that in years to come we find ourselves overtaken by some chronic disease or some malady that undermines our health and threatens a prolonged existence.

As God does not act immediately always in bestowing His rewards, neither does He act immediately by inflicting penalties. One thing, however, we can be very certain about, and that is, that the penalties or rewards will come some day, somehow. Pile up in your life every day as much good as you can, and keep out of your life every day all the evil you can; and whether your rewards or punishments come soon or late, you will have abundant reason to appreciate them or small reason for regret.



HIS MOTHER'S APRON-STRING.

TIED to his mother's apron-string! Lucky fellow! No other string is so strong and safe, no other string more firm and substantial. Many a man can cite instances in his life when the only link that held him within the limits of civilization was this same apron-string. Many a boy has been ready to drop lower and lower until he finds himself on the brink of ruin, when his mother's pleading face he sees, and in fancy he hears her loving voice, and is held back by the invisible power of her love, even by the same old apron-string, that much abused and scoffed at article.

Once upon a time, the story goes, a boy grew tired of home, he wanted to go out into the world, he felt that home was too small a place, and only one thing kept him home and that was his mother's apron-string, which to keep him safely she had tied about him. He pulled and tugged at this safe anchor until it parted and away he bounded. "Now I am free," he said, and he traveled rapidly in the direction of the mountains where he thought he could

not be traced. At length he came to a terrible precipice, and his curiosity was great to see what was below. He leaned far over and lost his balance, falling over the edge. Just as he felt that he was lost, he realized that something was holding him back, and with renewed courage he shouted for help. When at last assistance came and he was rescued from his perilous position, he found that he had been caught and held by the portion of his good mother's apron-string, which he had been unable to remove from his waist. What a frail thing, and yet how strong! What a world of possibilities lie before the mothers of our boys. Even when they have gone before, and our boys are left to battle with foes from without and within, what a power they wield, by means of example and precept, which are remembered as long as life lasts. Look to it then mothers, that these apron-strings are strong and durable, made of the very best material, let every part of their construction be as perfect as prayerful, loving and earnest hearts and willing hands can make it. Let no weak spot be found, let the thread be strong and well waxed, strong as iron, durable as steel. Again I say, happy the boy who is tied to such an apron-string!

Annie Malin.



BRAVERY OF MARRIED MEN.

MAJOR SEALY in the British House of Commons declares that married soldiers were more courageous than the unmarried ones, and backed up his statement by his observations in the South African war where he commanded a company of imperial yeomanry. The same, he said, was admittedly true of the married soldiers in the Russo-Japanese war. Of course, it was not the first time they had faced danger.

As an offset to this compliment the Bishop of London declares that married men are as a rule, more immoral than bachelors.



CURRENT TOPICS



LORD STRATHCONA.



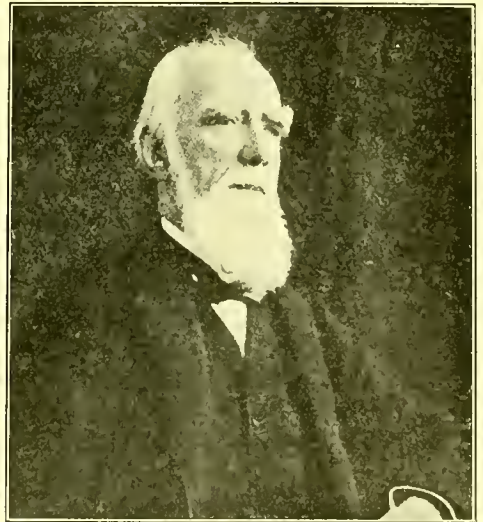
NE of the most striking, perhaps the most interesting character in Canada, especially since the death of Sir John E. McDonald, is Lord Strathcona, because he has showed us his intense interest in the development of the great domain that in his boyhood days was considered limited in possibilities.

Lord Strathcona was born plain Donald Alexander Smith. He was a Scotchman by birth and possessed those traits peculiar to his race. Because, however, of his phenomenal career in the service of the Hudson Bay Colony in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the part he has taken in the interests of Canada he has been elevated to the high distinction of a Peer.

When the war broke out in South Africa he equipped and enrolled at his own expense 512 men for service. For this signal service to his country his title to the distinction of a Lord was made to descend to the female side of his house and thus perpetuated the title through his only daughter, he having no son. It is when, however, his eminence, his wealth and his personal honors are contrasted with the tribulations and struggles of his early life, that the contrast makes his career read like a romance.

In those early days Mr. Donald Alexander Smith entered into the service of the Hudson Bay Company that was exploiting British North America, a company with stations located in the wilds among the Indians of the north and among the esquimaux. For months and years this same Donald Smith occupied his little stations in some bleak district of the company's domain. Forts were built and sometimes

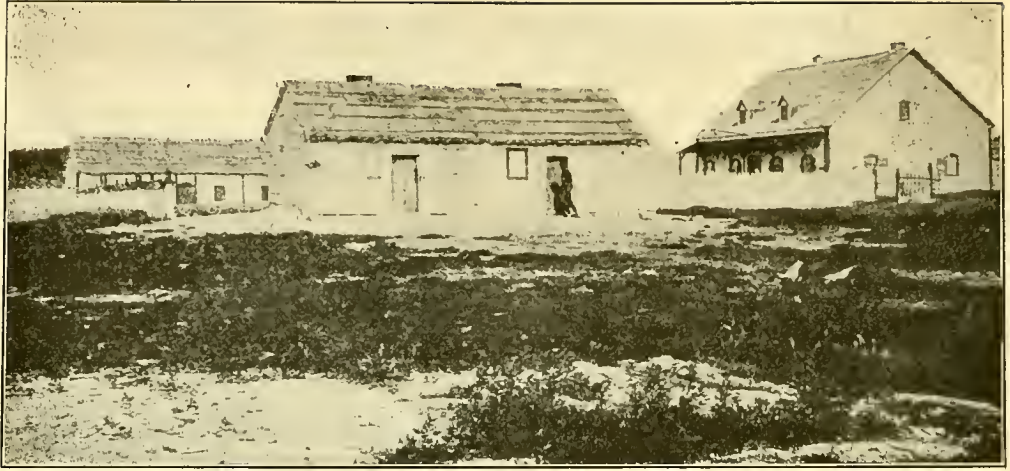
it was necessary to maintain them by force of arms against the savage enemy. For years and years in these little outposts Donald Smith rendered his company a faithful and competent service. It was a sort of military organization; things went by command. The discipline was more or less severe, but within the company there were opportunities for promotion. Men might pass from remoter to higher stations; they might have command over important posts and carry on trade that in time be-



LORD STRATHCONA.

came remunerative to themselves as well as to the company. The company encouraged men to remain in its service by promotions that added dignity, responsibility and knowledge to their lives. The tasks, however, assigned to these faithful servants of the great Hudson Bay Company were sometimes stupendous. They were often required to march hundreds of miles in the bleak winds and snows peculiarly known to those far northern climes.

It is said that Mr. Smith was stationed



AN ARCTIC POST OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

for some time on the bleak coast of Labrador. He had been promoted from a trader to an agent of the company. The place he occupied was one of the most dreadful and forbidding in that forbidding land of Labrador, which had "an iron bound, storm beaten" coast especially in spring and summer. The winds swept the coast for months during the winter season, and it is said that not a single thing of beauty was to be found in all his surroundings. In those days a partial blindness fell upon him, and fearing his condition he set out with two Indian guides in mid-winter for a tramp of two thousand miles from the coast of Labrador to the city of Montreal. After reaching the Governor of the company at Montreal the following conversation took place between him and George Simpson the Governor of the company: "Who gave you" demanded the Governor, "leave to quit your post?" "Who could" replied Donald Smith, "since no man lives within a thousand miles of me?" "If it be but a choice between your eyes and the service of the company?" said the Governor in stern rebuke, "get back to your post as quickly as you can." Donald Smith obeyed, and again took up that awful journey of two thousand miles. It has been said that in later years Mr. Smith has been approached with a request that he write up

those awful experiences endured on that trip from Labrador to Montreal and return. Smith always declines and says: "No, no I can't, it is too dreadful to think about!"

Mr. Smith was true to the trust reposed in him, faithful to the company that employed him; loyal to its discipline and in the course of time he was promoted to the post of Governorship himself. It was then that his influence became felt upon the development of the Dominion of Canada and among the royalty in England today he is familiarly known as "Uncle Donald." His fortune has largely been acquired through the sale of lands which came to him almost without cost and which he has been able to sell for very immense sums of money.

A BLIND BOSS.



THIS year has been characterized in different parts of our country in a political way by the difficulties which some of the states have had in their efforts to elect a senator. Rhode Is-

land has had its own troubles with the rest. What has made Rhode Island in-

teresting for a number of years is the part played by General Chas. R. Brayton who is in control of the Republican party of his state.

General Brayton had passed his second year in Brown University when the Civil War broke out. He at once enlisted, giving up his college career for the service of his country. By reason of his merit he was promoted through the different ranks until he was finally brevetted brigadier-general. At the close of the war he returned to his home and in 1874 was made postmaster at Providence, Rhode Island. That became the stepping stone to his political power and from that day to this he has been the most important political factor of that state.

It is said that when the beautiful \$3,000,000 state house was opened five years ago General Brayton established himself in a chair in a corner of the office set apart for the sheriff. From this chair it is said he has directed more or less the legislation of the state, has commanded the homage of politicians and given audience to thousands who have sought his aid in their political ambitions.

The present Governor of Rhode Island is making strenuous effort to remove General Brayton from the chair he has so long occupied. Although the general is now blind and has been for the past four years he still holds his post notwithstanding the efforts of the Governor to remove him. It is said that the general's ostensible business is that of a lawyer. Although a political boss of powerful influence it appears that the general has not enriched himself personally. What affords perhaps a characteristic illustration of the daily program of perhaps the average political boss as he is known in some of the Eastern States is here given in full that the reader may fully appreciate that the life of these political masters, especially during the legislative session is not an idle one:

10:27 a. m.—The General arrives at the State House.

10:31 a. m.—Representative Bowen of Warwick heads a delegation of about 200 teachers and school children in a call on the General. He is glad to meet them, and talks to the children. A host of men about the corridors follow in to watch the visitors.

10:36 a. m.—The children troop out.

10:39 a. m.—More children call on the General.

10:41 a. m.—They leave their wraps on a table by direction of the general and disperse about the building.

10:45 a. m.—The General comes out and proceeds to the elevator. He stops and chats a minute with David J. White, reading clerk of the Senate, who steps out of the elevator. He goes down in the elevator and visits the office of State Treasurer Read.

11:01 a. m.—The general leaves the treasurer's office and goes up the corridor to the office of the Board of Soldiers' Relief, Pensions and Applicants.

11:04 a. m.—The General returns to the Sheriff's office.

11:09 a. m.—Sheriff White returns.

11:11 a. m.—Samuel W. K. Allen, Representative from East Greenwich, calls on the General.

11:12 a. m.—Mr. Allen comes out.

11:30 a. m.—Former Senator Cross of Charleston pays his respects to the General.

11:35 a. m.—Mr. Cross leaves.

11:36 a. m.—Sheriff Anthony of Newport county calls at the Sheriff's office.

11:37 a. m.—Representative Franklin of Newport enters.

11:39 a. m.—Mr. Franklin leaves.

11:40 a. m.—The Senate is called to order.

11:40 a. m.—Walter B. Vincent, a local corporation attorney, pays his respects.

11:42 a. m.—Mr. Vincent retires.

11:55 a. m.—The House is called to order.

11:55 a. m.—John Ogden, secretary of the House Committee on Corporations, calls.

11:56 a. m.—Mr. Ogden leaves.

11:57 a. m.—John Collins, secretary of the Fish Commission, calls.

11:59 a. m.—Mr. Collins leaves.

12 m.—Judge Nathan M. Wright, Providence police court Justice and secretary of the Republican State central committee, calls.

12:01 p. m.—Judge Wright leaves.

12:02 p. m.—The door of the Sheriff's office is closed and locked, the General remaining inside.

12:13 p. m.—A page from the House holding a copy of the House journal in his hand tries the door and, finding it fastened, enters through the next door below, the room of the joint Committee on Accounts.

12:14 p. m.—The page comes out of the Sheriff's office and back to the House.

12:16 p. m.—The door of the Sheriff's office is opened.

12:20 p. m.—The Senate adjourns.

12:25 p. m.—John Turner, clerk of the joint Committee on Accounts and Claims, enters.

12:35 p. m.—Mr. Turner retires.

12:36 p. m.—The General leaves the State House.

12:52 p. m.—The House adjourns.



PROPOSED DIS-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ENGLAND too has her State Church though not under the same peculiar circumstances as the Catholic Church finds itself in France today. Just recently a resolution was passed in the House of Commons favoring the dis-establishment and dis-endowment of the Anglican Church in both England and Wales. This is simply an effort to do indirectly what the House of Commons tried some time ago to do directly, by repealing the school law. Of

course the House of Lords will refuse to pass such a resolution and it cannot therefore become a law of the Realm.

The question of dis-establishing the Church of England is likely to become in time a pressing question upon the English people. Bishops from the Anglican Church enjoy representation in the House of Lords and the State Church of England therefore has great advantage over other religious denominations of that country by its strong political influence. It is not exactly known just what the proportion is between the State Anglican Church and the various denominations called non-conformists. It is believed, however, that the Anglican Church is slightly in the majority in England, though it has a very small representation in Wales where the vast majority of the people belong to the non-conformists.

For many years the Welsh people have been very anxious to have the Anglican Church dis-established in their country and it has been the understanding with the Liberal Government that the established Church in Wales could be ousted from its powers the same there as it is in Wales. If it be true that a majority of the people of England proper belong to the State Church it is difficult to see how the Liberal party can make any headway by its attempt to divorce that church from the state against the wishes of the majority of the people in England. The move to dis-establish the church therefore was evidently intended to place the House of Lords again on record before the people of Great Britain as opposed to the will of the people at large. The vote of the House of Commons on the resolution was 198 to 90 in favor of it.

It is certainly an anomalous position for the great political party in Great Britain to find itself in. According to the contention of the Liberal Party there is no chance to express its will by law as long as the vast majority of the House of Lords be-

longs to the conservative party and can thwart the will of the people. At this point, however, the House of Lords rises with the objection that it is by no means certain that it is thwarting the will of the people. It is felt, however, that when on any subject the will of the people is unequivocal it will give way and vote with the House of Commons even though the House of Lords may not itself be in accord with the proposition. The theory is that it must not interfere with the clearly expressed wishes of the people.

Perhaps the most important question to-day in England is the controlling political influence enjoyed by the House of Lords. The Liberals are now not content with the situation and wish the House of Lords to be reformed, or totally abolished.



THE STRUGGLE FOR POLITICAL FREEDOM IN RUSSIA.

How the university students and the young women of Russia dedicate themselves to the struggle for political freedom is told in a story recently published by the *Family Herald* and *Weekly Star* of Montreal. It is a struggle between the radicals and the reactionaries, those who would make a new Russia and those who are satisfied with the old.

"There are about 8,000 students in the University of Moscow. In various institutes and colleges there are probably at least 8 000 more. In the high schools and commercial schools, including the girls, there are more than those two figures put together. I have heard the number of students and pupils from 16 to 24 estimated at 50,000 in Moscow alone. That may be an over statement, writes H. W. Nevins in the *London Chronicle*, but at all events there are many thousands, and almost without exception they are working for the movement. Within the last two

years the workmen and the peasants have become far more important elements in the revolution. But the students still remain a body to be reckoned with in the civil war as scouts and raiders,—clever, hopeful and as eager for martyrdom as the early Christians.

"Since my return to Russia I have in different cities met three of the girl students who have chosen propaganda among the soldiers as their special piece of work. One was a Jewess with the masses of black hair and overflowing vitality of the little Russian type. The other two were fair haired Russian girls, demure and very quiet. Under all manner of disguises they obtain access to the barracks or the tea houses where soldiers resort. They go as sweethearts from the town or as ignorant peasant girls who have just come to the city to see a brother, or they carry little baskets of provisions to cheer up a cousin's absence from his dear old village home.

"Their object is to proclaim the revolution, and, above all, to induce the men to join the great soldiers' union, which binds itself by an oath never to fire upon fellow citizens. So they pass in and out among the troops week after week, carrying their lives in one hand and their reputation in the other, and both hands open. But all assured me that from the soldiers themselves they had never received the smallest insult or annoyance, beyond the customary compliments and offers of marriage. No soldier had ever betrayed their secret, and in moments of danger a warning passes quickly through the barracks and they are assisted to escape.

"Perhaps you have already heard of another girl who was not so fortunate as these. The thing happened a few weeks ago, and was perhaps mentioned in the English papers, but I have lately seen a letter from a friend of hers who was present at the terrible event and describes it accurately. The letter was smuggled out

of jail, where the writer has still about six months to pass before her trial comes off. The name of the girl in question was Simonova, and she had been arrested as a 'suspect' simply because she happened to be in a Liberal newspaper office when the police came to confiscate the paper.

"As no evidence could be raked up against her after several weeks investigation she was daily expecting her release. Meantime she was shut in a cell with fifteen other women, similarly 'suspect.' Above them were some ordinary criminals, fed on the usual prison fare, and any little comforts which the girls received from the outside they used to share with the criminals; sending them up by a string which was let down from the window above. This was called the telephone, and the authorities winked at it, as they often do in Russia.

One afternoon Simonova had made up a little packet of tea, sugar and tobacco, and knocked with a mop handle on the ceiling for the string to be let down. But the wind blew the string away, she could not catch it through the bars, and presently it was jerked up again. Standing by the window, with one elbow on the sill, she waited. The letter from another girl prisoner, continues:

"A few seconds later a shot rang out, I saw a small puff of yellow smoke, Simonova's head dropped. My heart stood still, but I saw the others by the window were moving, and I ran to them. A girl who was standing near Simonova took hold of her and laid her on the floor. 'She is killed,' she said.

"One of the prisoners, who was a nurse, felt her pulse but turned away with a hopeless gesture. The eyes were glazed, blood flowed from the head.

"When I saw she was dead, I went to the window and cried to the soldier, 'Murderer, you have killed a woman!' He took aim at me with his rifle, but I jumped aside before he had time to fire.

"We ran to the door leading into the corridor and found a lot of wardens standing behind it. 'Murderers!' we cried. 'Will you shoot us all?' One of them laughed brutally and said: 'What was she standing at the window for?'

"For this exploit the soldier who killed the girl received a reward of ten rubles (£1) by order of the Czar. One boy that I met was only 16—a clean skinned, healthy boy, with a smile that is rare in Russia. Except that his fair hair stood all on end without a parting he would have passed for just the best type of an English public school boy, interested chiefly in games of ball but beginning to be conscious that there were other things almost equally important in the world, and that in two or three years he would be required to know Latin and Greek, to go to Oxford or Cambridge. His father had been a large landowner and the boy had come to Moscow for his schooling, but it was not games or Latin verses that occupied his mind. In looks he was little more than a child, in manner, in self-confidence and knowledge of the world he was almost middle aged, and day and night he thought of nothing but the movement.

"The first time I saw him his hand was wrapped in surgical bandages. 'An accident in a laboratory,' he said, and I asked no more. He was very tired that night—had been for a long ride. Dressed as a peasant, he had ridden for days and nights through the country around Moscow, had slept from time to time in the peasants' huts and had lived on their black gruel, 'which wasn't very nice.' What had he been doing? All the whips of czarism would not have made him tell.

Next time I found him in a friendly circle of men and girls, where he was drinking tea and laughing and talking with the rest, more gay than any. He had been in school all day, and when he left the party toward midnight I asked if he was going

back to his lodging. He said, 'I am on duty till 4 in the morning,' and he walked away to the bridge leading over the river to the southern quarter of the city.

"If the bureaucracy works with armies of hireling spies, the revolution has its armies, too; and they are not hirelings. They are men and women who will die and take nothing. Organized and directed from week to week they keep watch throughout the city. They report the movements of the troops, they know exactly the military force present in each quarter, they observe the increase or lessening of police, they know on what night the bands of exiles are removed to the outlying station for Siberia, they listen at barracks and prison for the dull sounds of execution."



CANADA'S WEST.

THE following table of statistics for 1906 give a picture of the great movement now on in western Canada:

PROVINCE.	WHEAT.	OATS.	BARLEY.
Manitoba.....	58,689,203	46,238,440	14,227,260
Saskatchewan..	31,230,000	23,419,500	1,089,000
Alberta	3,239,713	13,192,150	2,201,179
<hr/>			
Total West....	93,158,916	82,850,090	17,517,439
1905.....	83,000,000	60,000,000	13,000,000
<hr/>			
Increase 1906.	10,158,916	22,850,090	4,517,439

Only a few years ago western Canada was an unknown factor in the wheat markets of the world. Since, however, these provinces are now producing something like 100,000,000 bushels of wheat annually there is a great emigration to the northwest. It will be seen from the statistics above how this movement has taken place. It began something like twenty years ago in Manitoba, from which, for a number of years after, came the most discouraging reports. Since within the last ten years the movement has been continuing westward until the provinces of Sas-

katchewan today produces more than 31,000,000 bushels of wheat. Compared with this Alberta, which is farther westward, produces not yet three and one-half millions. That Alberta will within the next few years increase enormously its production of wheat cannot be doubted by anyone familiar with what is going on there today.

Wheat raising in Alberta is scarcely five years old, but the homeseekers, however, are now flocking there in great numbers. Of the more than 200,000 homeseekers flocking last year to western Canada, 57,000 came from the United States, 87,000 from the British Isles, and the rest from European countries.

In all the vast domain of these three provinces it is estimated that there are 171,000,000 acres of wheat growing land, and of this enormous area only 5,000,000 acres are now under cultivation. The wheat crop of western Canada last year, according to the estimated value of wheat, amounted to \$62,000,000; oats amounted to \$22,000,000 and barley to \$5,000,000. In all the value of grain raised last year on these prairie lands amounted to \$90,000,000.

From what has been accomplished in western Canada, a land hitherto unknown, in the last ten years, what marvels await its incomprehensible future!



AFTER COAL, THE CORNSTALK.

IF what Prof. Wiley, one of our United States greatest chemists now in the service of the Agricultural Department at Washington says is true, those who are worrying about the exhaustion of our coal within the next century or two may rest their souls in peace.

There are those who, by figuring up the experiences of the past and the prospects of the present, open to our vision some

great calamity through the sudden failure of nature to provide for the needs of man. Whether Christ had any of that class in mind, His saying evidently included these trouble breeders when he declared: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The following very interesting statement by Prof. Wiley is taken from *Leslie's Weekly*:

Prof. Wiley of the Department of Agriculture says that insomuch as every 100 pounds of cornstalks will yield six and a half pounds of absolute alcohol it is obvious that the ignorant agriculturist has been allowing an enormous amount of wealth to go to waste.

Say that one acre will yield from ten to twelve tons of grain stalks, or about 20,000 pounds, and you have a quantity of raw material which will produce 1,300 pounds of absolute alcohol, or 216 gallons. Alcohol at the present time is worth forty cents a gallon.

Ground in a wet condition and dried, cornstalks may be kept indefinitely, and are ready at any time for conversion into alcohol. Prof. Wiley says that the alcohol derivable from the cornstalks that now go to waste in this country would not only drive all the machinery of our factories but would furnish the requisite power for all of our railroads and steamboats, run all of our automobiles, heat and illuminate all of our houses and light the streets of every city in the Union.

EVOLUTION STILL QUESTIONED.

WE still hear some echoes declare that evolution is no longer an open question. It is wonderful how some of our lesser lights jump at conclusions. Perhaps they are simply repeating the words of some favored author.

Goldwin Smith of Toronto, Canada, is one of the most scholarly men of the age,

and enjoys a high reputation in every civilized country. The following from his pen would not indicate that he considered evolution, as it is generally understood, a settled question.

Here is what he says to the editor of the *New York Sun*:

My last letter appears to have been misconstrued. I did not mean to say that there was anything supernatural in the transition from the animal to the higher man; but only that Darwin had confined his theory of evolution to the animal man, including the formation of mental organs, and that we do not see at present how the explanation can pass that line. Darwin himself, beyond his special range of investigation, was not a materialist, but a wavering agnostic.

Our knowledge of the history of brutes extends over thousands of years. In all that time have any of them risen or shown a disposition to rise to a higher state? Has there been among them anything like human progress? If any of them have acquired new powers, has not the change been the work of man? Have bees taught themselves to build better hives or improved the relations between each other and the different swarms? Have beavers made any progress in construction? It would be ridiculous to ask whether any of the animal kind had shown a love of science, a taste for culture, a tendency to idealization, or an aspiration to spiritual excellence.

There seems to be a vague impression among evolutionists that man was evolved from the ape. Why has not the evolution continued? A certain likeness in physical conformation and rudimentary instincts is surely not a proof of kinship by evolution.

Let me say once more that I have never treated anything as supernatural. All, no doubt, is natural, including the progress of man from the animal to the spiritual state. But if there can be such a thing as

an essential difference, there truly is one between the animal evolution discovered by Darwin and the self-culture, progress and spiritual aspiration of man.



OUR SWEET TOOTH.

WE have now overtaken England in our consumption of sugar. For years that country led the world, now in the United States 80 pounds of sugar is annually consumed for every man, woman and child. It is said that the German consumes annually 33 pounds per person; the Austrians, 34; the Russians, 20, and the Italians 7. Whether this great consumption and great appetite for sugar indicate a healthy physical condition is a matter of which there is much speculation. Certain it is that the normal healthy man or woman has a natural appetite for sweets, which in a rational amount are evidently a desirable part of our diet. Excess, however, in the consumption of sugar may lead to serious physical consequences.



AN INGENUOUS AND HELPFUL WIFE.

THE following story told by the *Parsons Sun* not only illustrates what an ingenuous and enterprising woman did there, but illustrates what may be done by a thousand house wives in our own state:

A farmer's wife near Parsons has found that raising turkeys is better than digging gold or holding Standard Oil stock. She marketed her turkeys last week and went home with her pockets full of gold.

This woman was Mrs. J. F. Leonard,

He who cheers another encourages himself.

The path of happiness often leads by some sad one's side.

No man can be wholly free who holds another in bonds.

living seven miles southeast of Parsons. Last spring she started to raise this year's crop of turkeys with a big flock of young birds. She worked hard during the spring and summer months to keep the rats and rain from getting away with them. Last fall she looked upon the flock of fine large birds. When she rounded them up and brought them to Parsons to market there were 133 of them, and, as the average weight was ten or twelve pounds each, at the market price she received more than \$150 for the two loads they made.



IMPRISONED BY SNOW.

THE *London Globe* relates a circumstance which shows the manner in which some of the French people in the mountainous parts of their country live. Life under such conditions as those given by the following account must be peculiar and trying indeed:

One of the most remarkable instances of hardship inflicted by snow on a whole population comes from the Perpignan region of France. Round about the mountain village of Hospitalet, in the Ariege Department and in the village itself, snow lies to a depth of more than eighteen feet. Avalanches are falling and more are feared.

The place is cut off for the winter and cattle perish in their stalls. The inhabitants are, of course, virtually prisoners in their own houses, which they only leave under the imperious necessity of getting water. To reach the village well they have a tunnel cut under the snow to the well.

A man must be measured not only by his thoughts of himself, but by his thoughts for others.

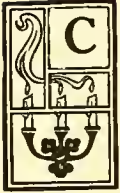
The breadth of a man's heart is, after all, more to this world than the bulk of his head, or the weight of his pocket-book.



SELECTIONS



A NOBLE HORSE.



CAPTAIN CURTIS, in charge of a troop of American cavalry, was in garrison at Fort Whipple in Arizona. Joe Kane, his Irish attendant, had been the means of purchasing for him a horse for five dollars, and he soon found out what a noble horse he had bought at such a low price.

There was a number of horses and mules and sheep and cattle at Fort Whipple, and as they were turned out to graze on the neighboring hills and plains, they were a special temptation to the Indians of that region. Frequent chases and skirmishes were necessary to protect the stock.

Captain Curtis had many long rides on his new steed in the weary pursuit of the Indians. He became very much attached to the horse, and even took pains to win a place in his affections. He was very much surprised at his intelligence, which was, indeed, almost human. The finest point in the horse, however, was his faithfulness in the hour of danger. When taken out for exercise, if his rider happened to dismount for a moment, Two-bits would sometimes kick up his heels and trot back to his stall at the fort. But at a distance from the fort, or in a situation of peril, he was a most trusty friend. Captain Curtis several times owed his life to the wonderful faithfulness and sagacity of the noble animal. In the autumn of 1865 the Indians gave so much trouble that the garrison of the fort could only with the greatest difficulty keep up intercourse with the outer world. The express riders who carried the letters and newspapers, often failed to reach their destination, and on search being made they were found slain and scalped by the savages. The

danger at last became so great that the officers could hardly find riders to carry the letters.

About the end of October a dispatch came with strict orders that it should be sent on without delay to Santa Fe. Captain Curtis offered the highest pay for an express-rider who would carry it, but without success. In this difficulty a sergeant named Porter came forward and proposed to carry the dispatch provided he could ride Two-bits. Captain Curtis objected that the horse was his own private property, and that he was too old for such trying service. But as it seemed to be the best thing that could be done, Porter was allowed to have the horse he wanted.

On the morning of the 25th of October, Sergeant Porter, mounted on Two-bits, rode out of Fort Whipple, amid the hearty good wishes of men and officers. He carried a mail bag weighing twenty pounds, an overcoat and three blankets, a carbine and two revolvers, and six days' rations.

Sergeant Porter had no easy task to perform. He had before him a ride of several days through a wild country, which afforded neither food nor water, and which was haunted by Indians, savage and eager for prey.

During the first three days of the ride no incident of any importance occurred. On the fourth day he found himself on the top of a range of hills, overlooking a plain, which lay in front of him for twenty miles. Before he entered on this plain, Porter had to cross a long, low ridge, and here he noticed that the road divided into two for about a mile. The left hand road had been broken up by the rain, and therefore a new one had been made to avoid its roughness.

Porter followed his horse slowly at this point, leaving the choice of the roads to

the animal. Two-bits took the left-hand road, and moved quietly up the slope, raising his head high as he approached the crest to look beyond it. Suddenly he stopped, and stood perfectly still, his ears set forward, and his eyes fixed upon some object, evidently in alarm.

Porter crept carefully forward, and looked beyond the ridge. Behind a mass of granite, which skirted the other road, four Indian ponies could be observed. Their riders were, no doubt, among the rocks, watching for the messenger they had seen descending from the hills. They must have expected that he would pass along the new road. Nothing but the accident that Two-bits took the old road prevented the sergeant from falling into the trap, and ending his life there. From the old road the ponies were plainly visible in a nook among the rocks; from the new road they could not have been seen.

Porter now knew that he would have to prepare for a race for life. When all was ready he patted the old horse affectionately on the neck, saying "Now old fellow, everything depends on you." Porter had no doubt that Two-bits understood the coming struggle as fully as he did himself. As Porter rode on, he noticed that one of the Indian ponies was, with head erect, watching his movements. It occurred to the sergeant that to kill a pony would be equal to disabling an Indian. So he aimed carefully and killed the pony instantly.

He reloaded, and when an Indian sprang from cover to see where the shot came from, he caught the second bullet, and fell across the dead pony. Not long afterwards Porter heard the shrill war-whoop of the Indians, and, glancing backwards, he saw three savages pursuing at the utmost speed of their horses.

A hard race for life now began. Two-bits now settled down to a strong and steady pace, which promised to leave his pursuers far behind. With every spring

the old horse seemed to widen the distance between the Indians and their victim; and the sergeant felt that he had done wisely in insisting upon having Two-bits for his service.

This continued for about half a dozen miles, after which Porter was sorry to observe that no further change in his favor was evident; indeed it became clear that the Indians were gaining upon him. There was nothing strange in this. Two-bits was old, he was heavily loaded and for four days had tasted no grain. The Indian ponies were young; they were lightly mounted and well fed on their usual diet.

It did not seem likely that the noble old war horse would outrun his pursuers. Yet he sped on, with his long powerful stride, fully aware of the danger, and determined to do his best.

The Indians still continued to gain ground, and at last an arrow flew between Porter's ear and shoulder. Turning in his saddle, the sergeant fired, breaking the arm of the leading Indian, and causing him to fall from his pony. But soon afterwards an arrow struck Porter's right hand, his fingers relaxed, and his carbine dropped into the road. He could not stop to recover it, and it would have been useless with a badly wounded hand. So he rode wearily on, feeling that his situation was nearly hopeless. He had all along thought that his skill as a marksman would give him the advantage over his pursuers; but with no carbine, and a useless right hand, the chances were sadly against him.

Porter thought that he could now only resolve to die the death of a brave man. He hastily bound his handkerchief about his wounded hand, and drawing a revolver in his left, he fired shot after shot at his pursuers. His shots had no effect, except to keep the two Indians hanging over the sides of their horses, till, in their scorn for his bad aim, they sat upright and sent arrow after arrow after him.

The distance was too great for such weapons to do any deadly injury, but two pierced his shoulders, and the good steed, which still carried him bravely on, had received severe wounds. A lucky shot at last made one of the Indians dismount and sit down by the wayside. Yet the last Indian continued the pursuit as keenly as ever, and soon he wounded Porter again, this time more seriously.

In very despair, the sergeant then turned round and bore down on his foe. Before the Indian had time to recover from the surprise of this sudden movement, Porter sent his last remaining shot into the brain of his pony.

Here ended the pursuit. But Porter and his noble horse were still in an almost hopeless condition. Both had been severely wounded. They were worn out with the loss of blood and the strain of such a long flight. Weary miles of road lay before them, in a country without food or water, and night was coming on.

The horse could only limp along in a feeble walk. Yet they must press on into the darkness, for, if he halted at all, Porter felt that it would be to die.

At last he saw a fire burning in the distance, and this gave him fresh hope. But Two-bits was now so weak that he could hardly move, and hours were spent in covering the last few miles. Porter was ascending the hillside on which the fire was burning, when the rattle of halter chains over feed-boxes, a sound familiar to the soldier's ears, came plainly through the evening air, and he knew that he was near a friendly post.

With the welcome sound, Porter grew faint, and fell senseless from the saddle to the ground. Two-bits held on to the post, approached the camp fire, looked into the faces of the guard, which sat about its cheerful light, turned, as if to retrace his steps, staggered, fell and died.

The sudden appearance of a horse with a

mail-bag on his back soon aroused the whole camp. Searchers were sent out, and they had not far to go till they found the sergeant lying as if dead. He was tenderly cared for, and as he received no mortal injury, he soon recovered.

Two-bits had an honorable burial from the soldiers, who knew how to value the endurance, courage, and faithfulness of the noble animal. A mound of stones marks the spot where his body was laid among the lonely hills.

Animal Stories.

WILD DOGS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE wild dog of central Africa, an explorer writes, is common enough. He is an ugly looking beast, with a pied body, coarse hair, short head and large upright ears. These wild dogs play fearful havoc with game, occasionally clearing out whole districts precisely in the same manner as the red dhool of India, before which even the tiger is said to retreat.

They have a wonderful power of scent, wonderful boldness, endurance and pertinacity, and their loose, easy gallop covers the ground far more quickly than it appears to do. They usually hunt in considerable packs, although I have sometimes met them in threes and fours. I have never heard of wild dogs actually attacking man, but they often behave as if on the point of doing so, and unarmed travelers have been literally treed by them before now.


HAD EVIDENTLY HEARD OF SHAKESPEARE.

"THE Passionate Pilgrim—My good man, do you know whether I'm right for Stratford-on-Avon?"

Rustic silent.

Tourist (encouragingly) — Stratford — Shakespeare's country. You know Shakespeare?

Rustic (brightening)—Yus, be you he?"



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - APRIL 1, 1907

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GOD IN ALL AND THROUGH ALL.



IT is often said in disparagement of religion in modern times that there is really little room for religion in the daily occupations of life. Men are engaged in political affairs, social life, inventions, travel, and a great variety of business occupations. There is, indeed, a striking contrast between the interests that occupied men's attentions in ancient and mediæval times and the interests which now absorb the daily life of man.

In Abraham's day the shepherds with their flocks and the peasant in the field were thrown into a state of meditation concerning the mysteries of life which they saw about them, and the religious duties and performances of that early age were the only constant occupation of the mind.

In the middle ages, conditions had not materially changed. The cathedral was the center of social life, education was carried on there, and the highest interests of man centered about this religious institution. Even during the early part of the last century, our interests were not so greatly diversified. The education of the people was largely a religious education. The Bible was the one book with which nearly all were familiar. Men discussed religious topics, argued on religious subjects, and the one common interest of the great masses of the people was centered in religion.

Today a new generation has grown up. The present generation knows little or nothing as a rule of the Bible. It is not considered necessary for the business of life. Everywhere skill is in demand. People are not asking so much what you are as what you can do. The discussions of the age are focussed on history, the topics of the times, science, invention, business, social institutions, and all forms of material progress. All these interests occupy men and women within the pale of the Church. Both their thoughts and feelings are absorbed in some phase of their material well-being.

But shall these diversified interests occupy a separate and distinct place in the life of man; shall he divorce religion from his business; shall he eliminate religion wholly from his politics; shall he make his social life such that religious discussions would be out of harmony with his environments? In a word, is religious thought a source of distraction to any one or all of the interests which engage man's thought and attention? There is no evading the truth that there is a strong and growing

tendency among men to eliminate religion as a working principle of week-day life.

There are those who think that religion should make no difference to a man's business, to his social environments, to his politics, or to any one of the hundred pursuits in which he may engage. The truth is, that through all one's life in every occupation and interest, religion should be a fundamental part. Men and women who look upon life and its responsibilities as a sacred partnership in which divine agency constitutes an important part have a sure and firm foundation. It is a cunning sophistry that argues that religion is a separate and distinct phase of a man's life and must be practiced separate and apart from all his other vocations. God is over all and through all. The standard of our relationship to Him should be the standard of our daily conduct in every vocation of life.

In the past, all human institutions have crumbled in the absence of that morality which is the foundation of the people. Men argue, it is true, that there may be morals without religion, but the world has never known such a separation. The truly religious man is a moral man and vice versa, even though the moral man may not profess church membership. He cannot be moral without the sense of responsibility which he owes to some power above him. We may not always be able to define morals in terms of religious belief, but the fundamental principles of religious life are a part of all morality. The class of men and women who are insisting upon a separate place in life for the exercise of religion are, as a rule, men and women devoid of faith and without any distinct religious convictions.

HARMONY BETWEEN PRESIDING AUTHORITIES IN THE PRIESTHOOD AND IN AUXILIARY ORGANIZATIONS.

QUESTIONS are frequently asked touching the relationship that should exist be-

tween the presiding authorities of a ward and the authorities of an auxiliary organization, such, for example, as the superintendent of the Sunday School. The organizations of the Church are intended to promote harmony, and if understood there is no reason why discord should arise between the bishop and those called upon to act in the auxiliary organizations. The question is often asked, for instance, who should select and install a superintendent of a Sunday School, or what step should be taken in cases where the superintendent of a school for any reason whatever vacates his office. The first step in case the superintendent vacates his office, is for his first or second assistant, as the case may be, to request the secretary of the school either to notify or remind the bishop of the ward of the vacancy, and at the same time notify the stake superintendent of Sunday Schools; and this notice or reminder should be given to the bishop and stake superintendent at the earliest possible convenience, in order that all unnecessary delays may be avoided. The second step in such cases, is the selection of the proper officer or officers to fill the vacancy or vacancies. It is, of course, within the authority of the bishop of the ward to select and install the superintendent of the Sunday School in his ward, but bishops of wards should not take such a step without the co-operation of the stake superintendent. This last named officer represents the presidency of the stake in carrying on the work of this auxiliary organization of the Church. The stake presidency holds the stake superintendent responsible in a large measure for the character of the men and progress of the work of the Sunday Schools throughout the stake, and the bishop, therefore, who proceeds to select and install the ward superintendent without the approval or knowledge of the stake superintendent, does not show proper respect for him or for the stake president, who is entitled to

be represented, in the selection of a ward superintendent. On the other hand, a stake superintendent is not authorized to organize the superintendency of a Sunday School without consulting the bishop of the ward, with whom it is his duty to be in complete harmony. There is wisdom as well as order in the mutual recognition of these stake and ward authorities. In the first place, the superintendent, by reason of his experience in Sunday School work, and his knowledge of the special qualifications required, may be, from his point of view, well qualified to make suitable recommendations. On the other hand, the bishop is, or at any rate should be, more familiar than any one else with the character and daily lives of the members of his ward. After satisfying the special requirements made by a stake superintendent, there may be wanting in the proposed ward superintendent, some indispensable characteristics, or there may be some unworthiness known only to the bishop. If the stake superintendent, therefore, and the bishop of the ward approach each other in a spirit of harmony and mutual helpfulness there is no reason why they may not be united in nearly every instance upon the most suitable man. Should a case arise in which the bishop and stake superintendent find themselves unable to agree, or both wish to defer to the judgment of some higher authority, the proper step to take is to submit the matter to the president of the stake for his judgment or decision, as the case may be. When such an agreement has been arrived at it is the duty of the bishop to install the new superintendent in his office.

In connection with the subject here touched upon, a question has also arisen respecting the propriety of a bishop presiding over a Sunday School when the superintendent is present. If I were bishop, I should recognize with scrupulous care all the presiding officers in my ward,

and should think it discourteous to them to assume the duties to which they had been called. There are, without doubt, instances where the bishop can with propriety offer suggestions that will be helpful to the superintendent, without the least humiliation to him; and there may be extreme cases in which the bishop would be justified in assuming the control of a school, but it should not be the rule. On the other hand, if I were a school superintendent, I would show the greatest deference to the bishop whenever he was present, and aim as far as possible to satisfy his wishes, and make the school all that he could desire that it should be.

In recognizing the authorities that God has placed in the Church, whether in an auxiliary organization or in the priesthood, men and women show their proper appreciation of His divine purposes, and manifest that they understand the principles upon which the Church has been organized, and that His will is more important to them than their way. If men and women in any of the organizations of the Church look upon the exercise of their calling in the priesthood, or in any auxiliary organizations from the standpoint of harmony and good-will, and from the standpoint of responsibility to their Maker, rather than from the desire to unduly exalt themselves, they will not find much difficulty in their efforts to magnify their callings and work in unison with every other officer in the Church.

It is sometimes argued that the auxiliary organizations of the Church are not councils of the priesthood. This is admitted, but, on the other hand, the boards—general, stake and ward—are composed of men holding the priesthood, and though being called to be an officer in an auxiliary organization confers no additional office in the priesthood, it takes none away—the brother still remains a High Priest, Seventy, or Elder, as before. Furthermore,

the officers of these organizations are duly presented at the general or local conferences, as the case may be, and are there sustained by the vote of the people and by that vote these organizations become recognized institutions of the Church, and as such their officers should be respected in their callings and given recognition and support in the performance of their duties in all that relates to the bodies which they represent.

The principles laid down in the foregoing relating to the Sunday Schools apply equally to all auxiliary organizations of the Church.

If what is said herein were read before a stake priesthood meeting it might be helpful in correcting wrong ideas that may exist in any of the organizations of the Church.

Joseph F. Smith.

[The above article is to be read at the 4 o'clock meeting of the stake Sunday School conferences.]

FORGIVENESS AND LOVE.

MR. FRANK COX tells the following beautiful little anecdote illustrating forgiveness and love:

"A lad named Sydney, having reached the age of ten, considered he ought to be paid for various little services rendered to his mother in the home. Hearing a conversation concerning certain bills that had to be paid, he conceived the idea of making out a bill for what he had done, and the next morning he quietly laid on his mother's plate the following statement:"—"Mother owes Sydney: For getting coal six times, 15 cents. For fetching logs of wood lots of times, 15 cents. For going on an errand twice, 10 cents. For being a good boy, 10 cents. Total, 50 cents.' The mother examined the bill, but said nothing. That evening Sydney found it lying on his

own plate, with the fifty cents as payment; but accompanying it was another bill, which read as follows:—"Sidney owes to Mother: For his happy home for ten years—*nothing*. For all his food—*nothing*. For nursing him through his illness last year—*nothing*. For his last new suit of clothes—*nothing*. For being good to him—*nothing*. Total—*nothing*. When the lad had looked at this for a moment, his eyes were dim and his lips quivering. Presently he took the fifty cents out of his pocket, and, unable to control his emotion, he rushed to his mother, flung his arms round her neck and exclaimed, 'Mother, dear! I was a mean wretch to give you that bill! Please forgive me, and let me do lots of things for you still!' The mother's forgiveness of the debt awakened and increased the boy's love."

FIRST PLACE.

At a meeting of the British Medical Association at Leicester, Dr. Hyslop, an eminent British physician, in his address made use of the following telling illustration of the power of prayer:

"As one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depression of spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give first place to the simple habit of prayer."

"The simple habit of prayer," that means sincere prayer, a confiding faith, a belief in a merciful and overruling Providence. There can be no doubt that when men have been rewarded through their humility by the Spirit of God that it has a healing and comforting influence upon their bodies and minds. The healing power of prayer is no less efficacious when offered by others over those who are in distress in body and mind.

To abandon faith in the powers and mercies of an overruling Providence is to court both disease and disaster.

A beautiful illustration of this craving after the divine as a helpful influence in every walk of life is shown in the life of Gladstone:

"Mrs. Gladstone asked Mr. Morley if he noticed that on a certain public occasion Mr. Gladstone rested his face in his hands for a few moments before rising to speak. Mr. Gladstone, she said, always prayed before speaking."



NEW BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

THE lessons that appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for kindergarten teachers during the years 1905 and 1906, have been bound in cloth and sell for 75 cents, post paid, to any address. This book is one of the best of its kind, and will be found exceptionally helpful in Sunday School work, and is well worth \$1.00.

We have printed, in leaflet form, the Bible Stories for the Primary department for the year 1907 so that the whole year's course except January numbers can be secured at once. The price for these is 40 cents per hundred.

The new outlines for all departments except the theological are now published and ready for distribution. When sending for

outlines please order by number. Following is the number of each outline:

Kindergarten.....	No. 1
Primary	No. 2
1st Intermediate..1st and 2nd years,	No. 3
1st Intermediate..3rd and 4th years,	No. 4
2nd Intermediate..1st and 2nd years,	No. 5
2nd Intermediate..3rd and 4th years,	No. 6
Theological	1st year No. 7

The reason we make this suggestion is because the outlines come in pamphlets for the respective departments as indicated above.

After waiting for one year, we are pleased to say that we have the Book of Mormon in vest pocket size, which retails for \$1.00. We can now furnish the little vest pocket Church Library, which is composed of Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price, for \$4.00, post paid, to any address. It is an excellent set of books for our Elders when in the mission field.

The Deseret Sunday School Union book store can furnish any quorum or auxiliary association with any Church supplies needed. Our books, being among the choicest printed, are very suitable for Sunday School and Mutual libraries. Before buying elsewhere come and see our stock. Our aim is to send out books the same day that orders are received.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS

GOOD ENVIRONMENTS.



ONLY by being true to the full growth of all the individuals who make it up, can society by any chance be true to itself.

"What the best and wisest parent wants for his own child, that must

the community want for all of its children."

Then what constitutes good environment for the community? Those surrounding conditions, influences, or forces which will tend to raise to a higher degree of perfection each individual of that community. Here in these valleys nature has given us

the best of environment. Here are the pure crystal streams from which we drink; the pure air not contaminated by the ashes of the world, and our majestic mountains whose greatness and nearness instil into our souls the essence of freedom and broad understanding. Now to these natural influences should be added the proper artificial surroundings in the community; houses in good condition with well kept yards, flowers, lawns, fences, clean streets, beautiful parks, public buildings, not least of which being the schools and libraries, etc.

Some cities have art galleries, gymnasiums, baths free to the public, all of which tend to make better citizens.

After all true citizenship stands inseparably connected with the family. The family is practically a little state in itself, embodying on a smaller scale, all those vital and fundamental principles which make up the larger life of the nation. It is in the family that we first come under government. Our earliest lessons in obedience are those which arise from the authority of our parents and guardians. It is in the home that we discover that we cannot do altogether as we please, but that others, as well as ourselves, must be regarded. And it will not be difficult to discern that, in the various phases of home life, we have represented almost all forms of government which have become embodied in the various kinds of national administration now prevailing in the various parts of the earth. In a well ordered house, the authority would be such that everyone could have the largest freedom of action consistent with the general good. When the freedom of anyone made itself a cause of annoyance to the rest, it would have to be curtailed. As fast as the children grew to deserve more liberty, it would be given them; but always on condition that they prove themselves worthy to be entrusted with this larger life. But with this increase of free-

dom and privileges, comes the increase of responsibility. Every member of the family who is old enough to appreciate its privileges, is old enough to share its burdens. Some specific duties should be assigned to each, however simple these may be; and for the performance of these duties, each should be held to be personally responsible. Precisely this is needed in the larger sphere of the state; and when this can be attained and maintained, the good of the state will be both effectually and permanently assured.

The home life of New England has been the most potent force in the building of this great nation. The homes of our Puritan ancestors were really the birth places of these United States. What then was the character of these homes? They were simple and even rude, as considered externally, and especially when contrasted with the homes of the New Englanders of today. But within there was love and loyalty, reverence and faith. In the early homes of New England there were so many strong fibers running from heart to heart, and knitting altogether, and so many solid virtues woven into the daily life, that their influences have done much to make our nation what it is. A young man trained in such a home will usually become an example of sobriety, industry, honesty, and fidelity to principle. He will be felt to be part of the solid framework which girds society and helps to keep it healthy, a kind of human bank, on which the community may draw to sustain its best interest, and promote its noblest forms of life.

To promote the qualities "make the surroundings of the child neat and clean, that his thoughts may be pure and lofty." "Surround him with good literature, the records of man's thoughts and deeds." "Let him hear good music in order to instil in his soul fervor and a love of harmony." "God is the author of all things

beautiful." Prayer and good thoughts are powerful factors in influencing mankind. The town or city will not become permanently better except as we who live in it become better. The strength and power of any land lies in the character of its citizens; and their character depends largely upon the character of their homes.

Mrs. Jos. E. Wright.



REVISION OF THE OUTLINES.

Theological Department (First Year.)

Jesus the Christ.

LESSONS 13 AND 14. — SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Note to teachers: The division between these two lessons may be made at the close of the study of "The Beatitudes" (II: 1).

I. The occasion (Matt. 5: 1, 2; Luke 6: 17-19).

1. Place: a hill near the Sea of Galilee, generally believed to be the two-peaked elevation now called the Mount of Beatitudes, also known as the Horns of Hattin.

2. Time.

- a. Following a night of prayer.
- b. Associated with the ordination of The Twelve.

II. Analysis of the Sermon (Matt. chapters 5, 6, 7; compare Luke 6: 20-49. See also the sermon as repeated on the occasion of our Lord's visit to the Nephites after His resurrection. III Nephi, chapters 12, 13, 14.

1. The Beatitudes (Matt. 5: 3-12).

- a. What are blessings?
- b. Note that great blessings may be devoid of present pleasure and may not include worldly prosperity. Distinguish between happiness and pleasure.

III. Analysis of the Sermon continued.

2. The higher law. Note contrast be-

tween the teachings here given and the law of retribution under which the people had lived. The old law was fulfilled and superceded but not nullified by the new law (Matt. 5: 17-19).

- a. Sin to be checked at its beginning; spirit of enmity and hatred may develop into that of murder; forgiveness not to be bought with a gift (verses 21-26).
- b. Purity enjoined in thought as well as in act; chastity of heart and mind (verses 27-32); self-denial required.
- c. Purity in speech—"Swear not at all."
- d. Good for evil—"Love your enemies."
- e. True alms-giving—not for the praise of men (Matt. chap. 6).
- f. Prayer—not made of words. The Lord's Prayer. We are commanded to pray, not simply to "say our prayers."
- g. Treasures of heaven in contrast with the riches of earth.
- h. Reliance on the Father who provides—"Consider the lilies."
- i. Sincerity of purpose; self-examination;—the mote and the beam.
- j. The law and the prophets—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

LESSON 15:—AS ONE HAVING AUTHORITY.

- I. The text:—"He taught them as one having authority. and not as the scribes." (Matt. 7: 21-29; Luke 6: 46-49; compare John 7: 46, and Luke 4: 32.)

II. His authority demonstrated.

1. By His words.
 - a. The higher law proclaimed.

Note significant illustrations in the Sermon on the Mount already studied (Lessons 13 and 14); observe the contrast between hearing only, and doing; between passive acceptance and active effort, illustrated by the builders wise and foolish.

2. By His works.

- a. The testimony of miracles (See Articles of Faith, Lecture 12.)
- b. Illustrative examples. The centurion's servant (Luke 7: 1-10; see also Matt. 8: 5-13). The lesson: Even the "children of the kingdom" to be cast out if they sin; the alien to be exalted if worthy (see Matt 8: 11, 12 and references thereto.

The widow's son (Luke 7 11-17). The funeral cortege at Nain; the authoritative command: *Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.* Compare other instances, e. g., the later raising of Lazarus (John 11: 39-44; and the following: The Daughter of Jairus (Luke 8: 40-56; Mark 5: 21-43; Matt. 9: 18-26).

NOTE:—Compare miracles wrought through Elijah (I Kings 17: 17-24) and Elisha (II Kings 4: 32-37.) Observe inherent authority and power of Christ; contrast with Old Testament instances cited. "Raising from the dead" in these cases was not resurrection to immortality. Christ was the first to rise from death to immortality.

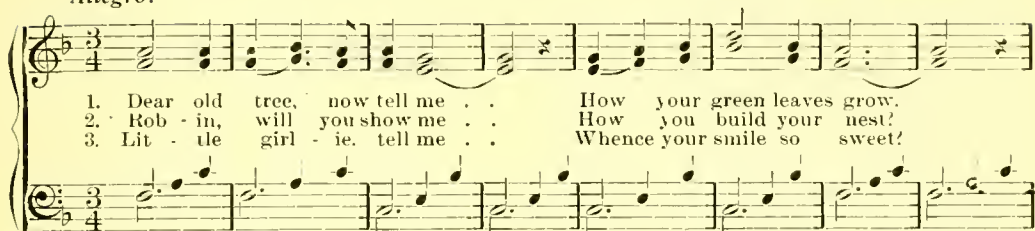


MUSIC AND POETRY

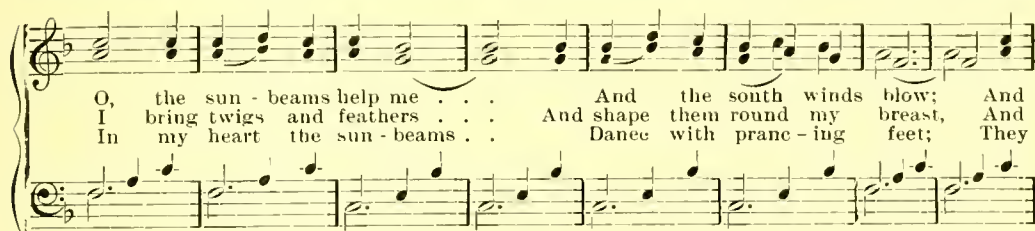
SPRING.

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

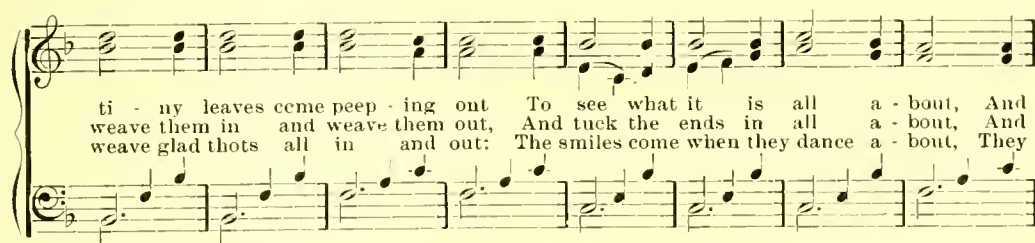
Allegro.



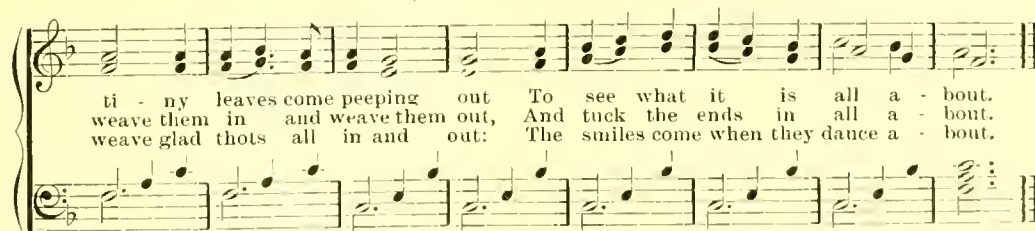
1. Dear old tree, now tell me : : How your green leaves grow.
 2. Rob - in, will you show me : : How you build your nest?
 3. Lit - tle girl - ie. tell me : : Whence your smile so sweet!



O, the sun - beams help me : : And the south winds blow; And
 I bring twigs and feathers : : And shape them round my breast, And
 In my heart the sun - beams : : Dance with pranc - ing feet; They



ti - ny leaves come peep - ing out To see what it is all a - bout, And
 weave them in and weave them out, And tuck the ends in all a - bout, And
 weave glad thots all in and out: The smiles come when they dance a - bout, They



ti - ny leaves come peeping out To see what it is all a - bout.
 weave them in and weave them out, And tuck the ends in all a - bout.
 weave glad thots all in and out: The smiles come when they dance a - bout.

VACATION.

We left Alma Mater behind,
 (Our "temple of learning" most fair).
 The shackles of routine and drill,
 The mantle of hurry and care.
 For we longed with enjoyable thirst,
 For the silence and breath of the pines.
 Freedom and space—songs that are sung,
 Where winds and swift waters combine.

A problem we learned not at school,
 Kept our clasp firm on friendship's warm
 hand.
 Joys are doubled by halting's a rule,
 That generous souls understand.
 Not solitude—Nature, we craved,
 Dear Nature, in exquisite mood.
 The rest that is born of fatigue,
 The sleep that's too coy to be wooed.

An eagle above on a crag,
 Like the spirit of freedom looked down;
 We climbed up the mountain's rough side
 Till we stood 'neath his snow-crystal crown.
 A glacier held close to his heart—
 We drank from the sparkling fountain,
 That flowed from the glacier above
 Down the dark rugged side of the mountain.

We looked on the valley below
 And the blue vault of heaven above,
 Fell away all delusions and shams
 In the presence of power and love.
 But deeper we drank at a font,—
 One that flows not from glacier or glen.
 That clear, inexhaustible stream—
 God's love for the children of men.

The discords of life, and its mists—
 All its doubts passed away, with its tears.
 The infinite wisdom of faith—
 And the precious yet vanishing years—
 Each assumed its just value and form.
 The compass of life was made plain
 To know that God lives and is just,
 Our triumph to meet Him again.

ELLEN JAKEMAN.

GODINSKY.

THE following little rhyme portrays the life of many a Russian Jew whose progress from poverty to wealth is so familiar to all in the great city of New York:

He was a man of manners mild,
 As kind and gentle as a child;
 An emigrant of yesterday,
 This morn a merchant come to stay,
 Godinsky.

His patriarchal locks they cling
 About his neck; the breezes sing
 Cadences through his whiskers lush,
 For which he doesn't care a rush—
 Godinsky.

With chin uplifted in the air,
 His cart he pushes everywhere;
 His quick'ning footstep never lags
 The while he's on the hunt for rags—
 Godinsky.

He gets them, too, and other things;
 The garments tossed from wornout kings
 Of frenzied finance. He's in the trade
 With queen as well as kitchen maid—
 Godinsky.

He clips the whiskers to the chin,
 He drops ten years; it is to win
 The fancy of the passing crowd—
 Your uncle—no high words allowed;
 Godinsky.

Who is it owns the tenement
 Wherein I lodge and pay the rent?
 Who is it owns a block of stores
 And all the goods on all the floors?
 Godinsky.

Who is this man of kindly heart,
 American and yet apart
 From you and me, of manners mild,
 As kind and gentle as a child?
 Godinsky.

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

WHAT IS BEST.

Tell me dear robin, you who are wild and free,
 What are you thinking as you flit from tree to tree?

And robin hopped high up into a branch above
 And looking down sang sweetly of God's love.

Tell me dear flowers, ere you fade and die
 What is the greatest gift of God on high?
 They nodded gently by the wind caressed,
 And each sweet blossom murmured, "love is best."

Tell me dear child, with heart so pure and light,
 What makes the world most happy and most bright?

The little one raised eager eyes above
 And whispered, "love is best and God is love."

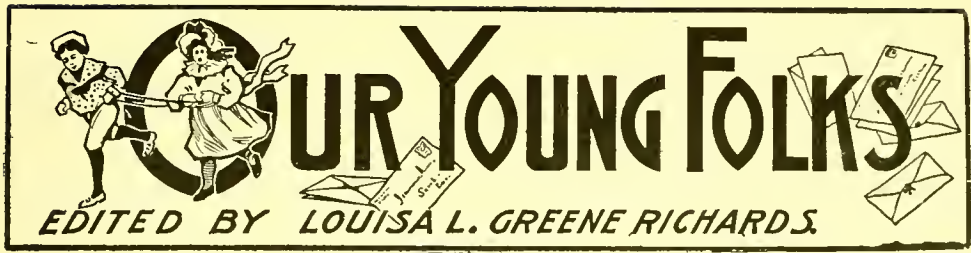
ANNIE MALIN.

PRAYER.

OFT when of God we ask
 For fuller, happier life,
 He sets us some new task
 Involving care and strife.
 Is this the boon for which we sought?
 Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

This is indeed the boon,
 Though strange to us it seems;
 We pierce the rock, and soon
 The blessing on us streams;
 For when we are most athirst,
 Then the clear waters on us burst.

Selected.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

ELSIE VERNESSA.

ONE perfect April morning when the skies
Were wet with tears, but spanned by rainbow
dies,

Elsie Vernessa opened her blue eyes.

Warm is the color of each soft brown tress,
How fragile in their baby loveliness
The little hands by mother-love caressed.

Her face is like a rose's half-blown flower,
With here and there a hint of latent power,
The prophecy of strength in crucial hour.

Quaint is the serious wisdom of her eyes,
The smile like April sunshine in clear skies,
With just a touch of innocent surprise.

A father's three-fold blessing on her head,
A mother's prayers with deep devotion wed,
The fountains of her soul by angels fed.

And yet, we know, the tiny dimpled feet,
On life's dark pilgrimage rough roads must
meet,
For thorns and tares still grow among the
wheat.

We cannot save her from earth's cruel test,
Each soul must prove its title to be blessed,
Because it is God's plan, we know 'tis best.

Through shade and sunshine she must go her
way,
And they who love can only watch and pray,
The soul beloved may never go astray.



TEDDY, LEON, AND ORDER.

IT was conference time in a little town
called "Hope," and all the people were
requested to go to meeting and take their
children. Indians had been there and had
tried to steal, so the bishop thought it
would be best for every one to come to
meeting.

There was one family who lived on the
outskirts of the town, that were always
found at meeting, if it was a long way to
walk. There was the papa and mama
and Teddy and Leon. The two little boys
did not like to go to meeting very well,
but they were willing to do as their par-
ents told them, so they went to confer-
ence.

During meeting Teddy and Leon wanted
to play and laugh, so their papa told them
that the one that would keep the best
order could have the little pony that Mr.
Jones had, and wanted to sell. So they
both tried to keep still for awhile. But it
was very tiresome for Teddy, so he tried
to get Leon to play with him, but Leon
would not do it, he wanted to get the little
pony. So he kept still while Teddy
played.

When meeting was out, Leon said to his
father, "Why papa, meeting was out before I
knew it, almost, because I was still and
listened to the men talk, and I liked it
quite well." Then his father told him he
was going to buy the little pony for him,
which tickled him very much, but Teddy
did not feel so good.

The next morning they went over to Mr.
Jones' and got the pony, and brought it
home. Of course Leon let Teddy ride
some of the time, because he felt sorry for
him.

After that, both boys tried to be good in
any house of the Lord. And they both
grew up to be good Latter-day Saints.
Leon was the president of the young
men's meetings, and Teddy was a teacher
in the Sunday School when they were

quite young men. And it was brought about by their keeping good order.

Leon named his pony "Order," because he got it by being orderly in meeting.

GENEVA WHIPPLE.

Colonia, Juarez, Chia., Mex.

✽

LITTLE JIM, THE RAG MERCHANT.

II.

This is a story of English life.

"Put your bag in that corner," said the maid, "and don't move from behind that screen till I come back."

Jim, now left alone, looked around him. A large piece of beef was turning on a spit before the fire, and there was a long oaken dresser that took up one side of the room. As he was gazing around the room, a boy, about his own age, stealthily entered the kitchen. After carefully looking about him, and seeing no one there, he approached the dresser, opened one of the drawers and took out something, put it in his pocket and hurried away. Jim, from his hiding place, observed all this.

In a moment a red-faced woman entered the kitchen. It was Betty, the cross head cook. Seeing no one there, she burst into a violent fit of scolding.

"Wherever's that girl? Here's the meat all burned to a cinder, the stew dried up, and—there! How the dinner is to be got ready by five o'clock it's a puzzle to me!"

As she uttered these angry words, she approached the spot where Jim sat, trembling like a leaf.

"Well, I'm sure," she cried, "what are you doing here? Looking out for what you can steal, I'll be bound!"

"No, ma'am, I was very hungry, and—"

"Oh! And you came to help yourself to a dinner. Now, just be off at once, will you?"

The terrified child took up his bag and started to go.

"Stop!" cried the angry woman. "What have you got there, you little thief? Come, open that bag."

Jim opened his sack; but, alas, as soon as its contents met her eyes, she started back with disgust.

"Bones and dirty rags, as I'm living! Get out and take your rubbish with you!"

Jim did not wait a jiffy. And what was Sally, the cook, doing while Jim was getting a scolding? She had cut a few pieces of cold meat which, with a slice from a loaf of bread, she was just bringing to Jim. But hearing Betty's angry voice in the kitchen, and not daring to meet her, she replaced the victuals in the pantry.

We shall now turn to our little hero, who slowly and sorrowfully trudged homewards. When he reached his miserable abode, he found that his mother was gone out. So, putting down his sack in a corner of the room, he threw himself on a bundle of straw, which, covered with an old coat, served him for a bed. He started up, found a light, and taking the piece of stitched cloth from his pocket, began to examine it.

There certainly was some coin sewed up in the rags, but whether it was a farthing or a shilling he could not tell.

"Well, I shall soon know what it is," said he to himself, as he cut the stitches with a knife. When he had cut the thread, he pulled out a little rag doubled in several folds; unrolling this, a bright, golden guinea fell upon the floor. He hastily picked it up, and holding it to the light gazed at it in admiration. What could it be? he wondered. Was it worth a shilling? While he was thus guessing the value of his prize, he was startled by a loud knock at the door. So hastily folding up his treasure he replaced it in the rags, and put them into his pocket again. He had scarcely done so, when another loud knock came, and another. This made him in a hurry to see who was there. He had no

ooner opened the door than in bounced Betty, the head cook, who, red with rage, flew upon him like a tigress, and seizing him by his collar, shook him till he could hardly stand.

"Ah, you little villian!" she cried, "I have caught you at last. So you come whining into people's kitchens to steal, do you? Where is the guinea?" giving him another shake.

The poor child, stupefied with terror, was not able to utter a word.

"Do you hear!" the woman screamed. "Where's the guinea you stole?"

"I have not stolen anything; I don't know what you mean," said the poor boy at length.

"You don't know what I mean, don't you? Mr. Policeman," turning to a man behind her, "you saw him hide the guinea. Where did he put it?" The man came forward, and taking Jim by the arm, "Come, my fine fellow," he said. "Out with the rags you've got stored away here."

Saying this, he thrust his hand into the child's pocket, and pulled out the contents. As soon as the guinea again came to light, "There it is, sure enough!" Betty exclaimed. And soon she continued, "Well, give it to me, and take him to the police station."

"No, I can't give it to you now," and the policeman folded the guinea up again in the rags. "It must be shown to the magistrate, but you will get it back to-morrow morning, after he has been examined. Come," continued he, turning to Jim, who stood panic-stricken, "We must take you to prison."

"To prison!" shrieked the poor child. "What for? I didn't steal the money, I found it near Whitechapel, when I was picking up rags."

"I've no doubt you did," replied the policeman laughing; "but we're too old for you. Come along, and none of your whimpering, it won't do."

The unfortunate child burst into tears.

"Oh, what will become of my mother!" Pray let me off. I did not steal it!"

But they paid no heed to his cries and shrieks. With streaming eyes he was taken to the police station, where he was locked up for the night.

Half an hour after this had happened, Jim's mother returned home with a shilling or two from the sale of bags she had made that day. She had hardly sat down to rest herself when two or three of the neighbors came in to inform her of what had happened that evening. Her distress can better be imagined than described. But with trembling hands she put on her faded bonnet and shawl, and started off to the police house. With tears in her eyes, she begged to see her poor child; this was at first refused. But at last she gained permission to go to him. As soon as Jim saw her, he threw his arms around her neck and burst into tears. His mother said,

"Tell me, my dear child, did you really steal the money?"

"No, mother, I didn't, I found it!" he answered.

As soon as he told her of the boy he saw go in Betty's kitchen, a light burst upon her mind.

"Ah! I see now," she said. "It was he who stole the money. Well, be comforted, my poor child. Put your trust in God and the magistrate will do you justice."

The policeman now told her she would have to leave her boy. With an aching heart she bade him good night and returned alone to her solitary home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



OLD OPINIONS OF YOUNG PARENTS.

A SMILING young mother, who seemed but a girl,

Sat out in the sunshine, and curl after curl
Of her baby's bright hair she was twining;
A bird on her nest of small eggs in a tree,

Kept watching and peeping as if she could
see
Something pretty to trim the nest's lining.

"There! Bless you my darling!" the fond
mother said,
As she kissed the fair forehead and stroked the
bright head,
And a snarl from her fingers there fluttered;
"Thanks—thanks!" and the bird caught it up,
"This is mine;
What you waste I shall save, 'twill be lovely to
twine
With my moss," was the chirrup she uttered.

"Well, well!" said the young mother, looking
aloft
To the bird, "you have got something sunny
and soft;
I am glad if of use that waste curl is;
Now rest on the branch where your cradle is
hung,
Sing the sweetest, best song that you ever have
sung,
For the sweetest of all baby girlies."

Chirped the bird's loving mate, "I will sing for
that curl;
And admit that your child is a sweet baby
girl,
Though your estimate rather absurd is;
When it comes to our children, I'll speak my
plain mind—
Well—*yours* may be sweetest of all *human* kind,
But wait till you see *our* young *birdies*!"

L. L. G. R.

✽

THE LETTER-BOX.

To a Missionary Brother.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

March 2, 1907.

Dear Brother Chase:—

I thought I would write you a few lines, telling you about your little daughter Alice and other things.

When Uncle Andrew was down here a long time ago, he brought his typewriter with him, and I took it and wrote a letter to papa—the first time I had ever used a big typewriter. When papa got the letter, he said that anyone who could take a typewriter and teach himself on it, and write

as good a letter as that, ought to have a typewriter; so he bought us a No. 6 Remington typewriter, and this is the one that I am writing to you with.

Little Alice is the dearest little girl that ever lived; and I'll bet you are so anxious to see her that you can hardly wait till the day comes that you can return home, but it will soon be here so you can see your little daughter.

Lucy graduated from the public school February 1, 1907, and is going to the L. D. S. College next September. And Andrew is in the 8th B grade now, and will graduate next February, if he works as hard as he can.

Fielding will start to school when he is seven, and that will be next September.

I will be eleven next May 21. I am in the 4th grade at school. A few days ago I was teter-tottering over at school, and the end I was on was just above a puddle of water, and we were teter-tottering so nice, when all of a sudden the board slipped from under me and I fell face forward right in the middle of the puddle. I came home and got some dry clothes on, and went back, and now I have got such a bad cold I can hardly talk.

I will close now, so God bless you, amen.

From your loving brother,

JESSE K. SMITH.

✽

Answer and Charade.

PROVO CITY, UTAH.

I have found correct answers to nearly all of the charades published in the Letter-Box. The answers to two of the charades published in the February 15 are as follows: The one by Nellie Nash, "A place where little boys and girls should like to go," is "Primary;" the one by Helen Mar Steed, "The name of a celebrated English poet," is "Shakespeare."

I will now send a charade composed of sixteen letters:

1, 5, 13, 2 to cook.

10, 15, 1 a part of the body.

1, 5, 12, 8, 11, 3, 5 a fruit.

13, 8, 15, 9, 2 a very useful article.

16, 11, 7, 14 a small article used in building.

4, 11, 10 a household article.

14, 5, 6, 2 crippled.

The whole is the name of a great American statesman.

EULA FLETCHER, age 10 years.



Seine Fishing.

LAKE VIEW, UTAH.

I am nine years old. I live close to the shores of Utah lake. Last winter I went sleigh-riding on Utah lake and saw the fishermen catch fish with a seine under the ice, and when I saw the seine brought up full of fish, it reminded me of the story in the Bible of when the Savior got in the boat with His disciples, and their boat was filled with fish.

I have guessed the charade in February 15, by Laura Nash, it is "Thanksgiving Day."

LEONA BUNNEL.



How Beet Sugar is Made.

LINCOLN, IDAHO.

I live close to the Idaho Falls sugar factory. I would like to tell the readers of the Letter-Box how sugar is made here from beets. First, the beets are hauled in big wagons and stacked in large sheds just outside of the factory. Flumes, or little ditches are made from the bottom of the piles into the factory. A stream of water washes the beets down the flumes in a continuous flow into the factory, where they are caught by a large wheel and turned over into a large tank called the washer. Inside the washer is a big shaft with a number of arms on, made of steel, which whirls the beets round and round until all the mud is washed off. Then they drop

down into an elevator, which takes them to the top of the building. Then they are dumped into a hopper; out of the hopper they go on the scales and are weighed. Then they go on the cutter and are cut into bits. Then they go down a big chute into the batteries, where the juice is pressed out. The pulp is taken in another elevator to the outside of the building and dumped into an electric car, which takes it out a little way from the factory into the silo.

Then the juice goes from the battery to the measuring tanks, where it is measured and tested. The juice goes from the measuring tank to the first carbonators, where lime is added, and then to the first pressers, where it is forced through a number of sheets of canvass by pressure; then back to the second carbonators, where more lime is added. Then into the second pressers, from thence to the sulphur tank where sulphur is added, then through the first filters. Up to this time it is called thin liquor, then it is pumped into the evaporators, where it is boiled to get the water out. It is now thick liquor, and goes again to the sulphur tanks for more sulphur, then to the second filters, then it is pumped to the pan room, where it is boiled until it granulates; then it goes to the spinners, where the moisture is forced out by rapidly-revolving strainers. It is now sugar and it goes to the granulators or driers, which are two heated revolving cylinders, from which it goes down a hopper, where it is sacked and weighed. The sacks are then taken up by an elevator and tipped down a chute into the warehouse, where there are about 1,600,000 pounds at present.

ERNEST WOFFINDEN.



New Meeting House—Riddle and Charade.

LINCOLN, IDAHO.

My brother has told you that we live near the Sugar Factory. And I want to

tell you that we live near the new meeting house, too—we have only to cross the street. My brother has taken a photograph of it, which we are going to send to our brother, who is now on a mission in England. We had our meeting house dedicated about three weeks ago. I sat with some more boys on the steps of the stand. Apostle Lyman asked us if any of us used tobacco, and we told him, "No, sir." And he said, "Never do it, boys," and I don't mean to, and then I can go on a mission, some day.

RIDDLE.

Three parts of a cross, and a circle complete,
Two semi-circles a perpendicular meet,
Next a triangle that stands on two feet,
Two semi-circles and a circle complete.
The use of it is a habit, which I hope you do not
indulge;
I must not say more lest the secret I divulge.

CHARADE.

Composed of seven letters,
7, 2, 4 is used in a Japanese house.
1, 2, 4 a small creature, said by some
naturalists to be an animal, and by others
to be of the bird kind.
1, 2, 5, 4 often used to catch fish.
6, 5, 3, you do when you eat soup from
a dish.
My whole is a plan, firm as Nephi's rod,
Without which you cannot enter the
kingdom of God.

EDWIN ANDREW WOFFINDEN.

Pleasant Christmas Time.

PRESTON, IDAHO.

I am a little girl seven years old. This is my first letter to the JUVENILE, and mama helps me to write it. Mama and I together have made out a number of the charades.

We all had a nice time on Christmas. Santa Claus brought us some nice dolls and filled our stockings with candy, nuts

and oranges. We had a Christmas tree, a nice Christmas dinner, and went to the children's dance in the new Opera House. Mama read a little story to us about a little boy that lives in Brazil. Christmas comes there in the hottest time of the year, so he went out and picked a nice bouquet of flowers for his papa and mama. He had a nice bath in the ocean, and the water was so nice and cool he did not want to come out when his mama called him, but he came at once because he was trying to obey as quickly as the soldiers do. I hope we will all try to obey as well.

CLARA P. GOASLIND.

A Beautiful Country.

COLONIA JUAREZ, MEXICO.

I live away down in Mexico, where there are many birds, and the flowers bloom beautifully. My mama has a beautiful flower garden. She had a geranium that was seventeen inches around. She has many beautiful violets. In the summer I like to go and gather flowers and sit under the beautiful shady trees. I think it a beautiful place. It is warm down here. There is very much grass in summer and the hills are very green. Some of the fruit trees are in bloom now—the almond, the apple and the plum. I am eleven years old.

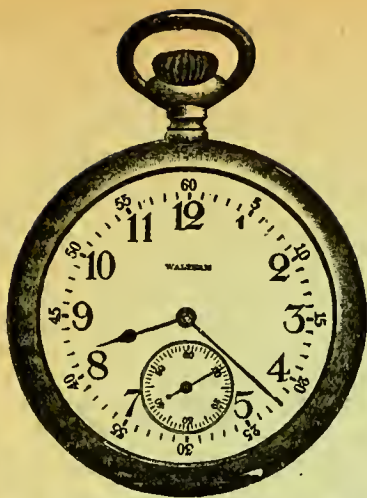
HAZEL L. REDD.

A Baby and Other Pets.

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.

I have been in the Latter-day Saints' Church for nearly a year. My Sunday School teacher is very kind. I am in the 4th grade B class in school. I have a dog and a doll, and we have a baby at home—she is one year and four months old. I am ten years old.

KATHERINE LOSEE.



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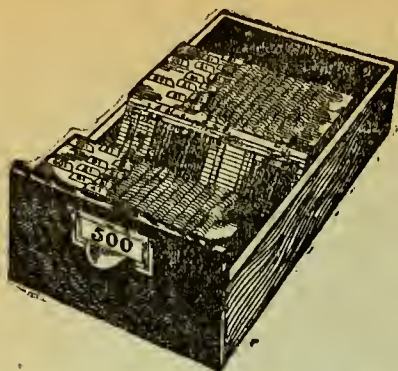
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